

He gave in at once, for if Mame Miller said so, Mac would believe it. Many people said that Mame would, before long, be a sister to Constance. So he told Constance to find out all about it from Mame and he would let her go at the opening of the next college year.

"And may I really?" she cried vehemently throwing her arms around his neck. "Oh! Mac; you are too kind to me," she cried kissing him. He hated to be told this so he kissed her and sent her to her room. Bright and early the next morning she was over to see Mame Miller and came back to her brother with her face all smiles and throwing before him an armload of catalogues, pictures and souvenirs that Mame had collected while at college, she exclaimed, "here Mac, look at those, I got them from Mame, and she says if you don't let me go there you are too mean for anything."

During the spare moments for the next two or three days, Mr. Courtney occupied himself in looking over these things, and finally he went over to see Miss Miller about the matter; for although he was determined to send his sister away, still he was not quite convinced that this was the place for her. Acting on Miss Miller's advice he wrote to the president making certain inquiries and after some days, they having in the meantime exchanged several letters, he was willing to allow Constance her choice.

It was now about three weeks till college would open and so it was a very busy time for Constance. She was continually making ready or running here and there, seeing her friends about this and that. She had many confidential talks with Miss Miller; she called it "getting posted."

At last the day came when Constance was to leave. Her feelings can hardly be described; for up until a day or two it had been expected that her brother would accompany her, but now matters had taken such a turn that he would not be able to do so. He and Miss Miller saw her off at the depot; and as he kissed her good bye he noticed that it was an extreme effort that kept back a tear

or two, which she would not for the world have had her brother discover. They stood watching the train roll out from the station before starting for home. As he left Miss Miller at her door, he said, "although I hated to see Constance go away, and I know I shall miss her much, yet I feel proud that she acted so bravely." As Miss Miller took his proffered hand, she said, "Mr. Courtney, Constance is living for something."

By this time Constance was well on her journey. In the same car with her were several old students just returning to College. She learned from their conversation, as the train neared the Donju junction, that they expected to meet several fellow students. When the train stopped there was a hurried stampede for the platform. As Constance watched the two parties meet, she thought that she had never witnessed such an exhibition of hand shaking in all her life. And such names as they called one another, she likened them to a pack of heathens. As she sat watching them from the window she happened to glance up just in time to catch the eyes of a tall, handsome, but bashful looking youth. Several of the boys rushed up to him shouting, "hello Cleve—hello there Dunderdale—put her there old fellow." Here they were interrupted by the signal for the train to start, and then there was a general scramble for the cars. As Cleve passed under Constance's window, she imagined that he glanced at her and she was very happy.

He entered the coach in front of the one in which she was sitting, and she could see him standing in the aisle apparently talking to some one. After a while he started back to the boys who were conversing in the rear of her car; but as he passed her seat, she leaned forward to re-adjust the window blind which seemed to stick; noticing the difficulty, he asked if he could render any aid. As he raised the blind she smiled and thanked him, saying she hoped she had put him to no trouble. He looked away declaring it was no trouble at all, as the thing worked quite easily. Trying to catch his eye she said "I probably would have been able to